ST. ELMO or, Named for a Best Seller

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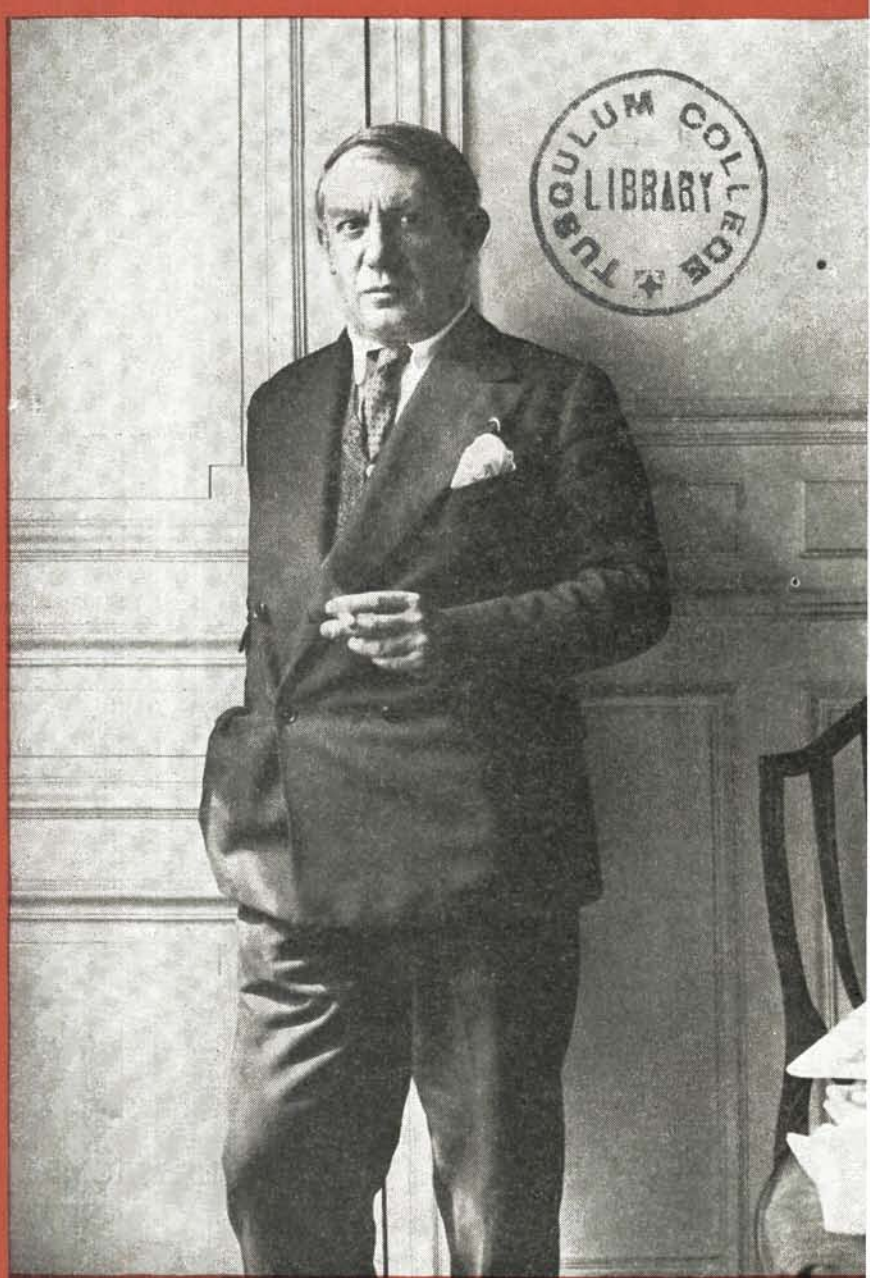

A. E. Gallatin

PABLO PICASSO: "This book . . . should remind even the observer who recoils from the shocking and sinister dehumanizations . . . how much there is in the world he has created" . . . *(See page 10)*

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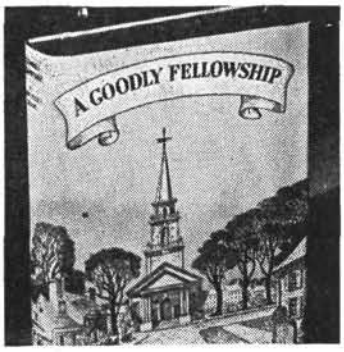

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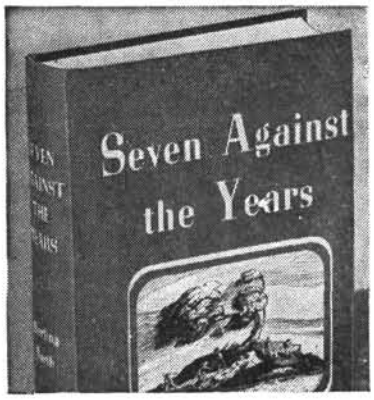

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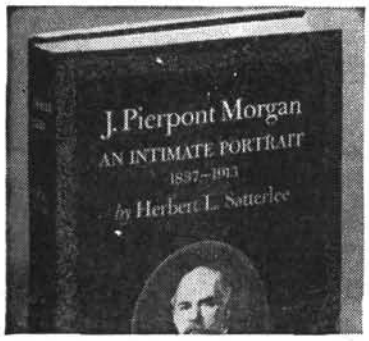

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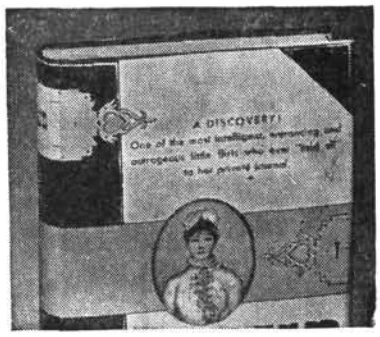

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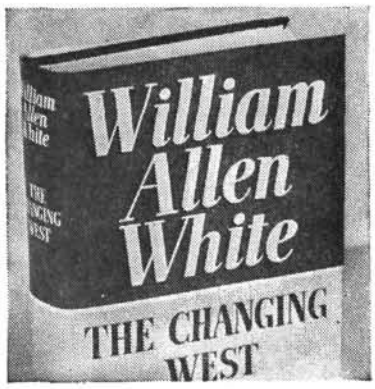

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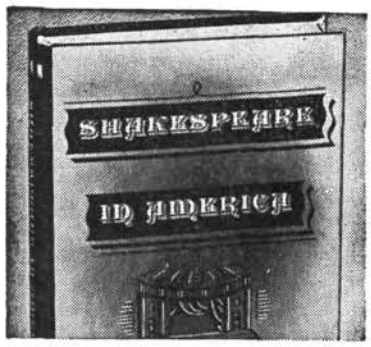

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—*Mary Ellen Chase*

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ST. ELMO

or, Named for a Best Seller

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

IN 1867 and for some years thereafter ministers of the gospel charged with the duty of affixing given names to the newborn progeny of their parishes were astonished at the number of male infants presented at the baptismal font to be christened with the novel and romantic name of St. Elmo. And not only children. Such was the amazing vogue of that exotic appellation that plantations in the deep South, steamboats around the bends of great rivers, girls' schools, hotels, various articles of merchandise, and thirteen American towns were likewise designated by that latest fad in nomenclature. Everything was St. Elmo.

The cause of the outbreak was "St. Elmo, a Novel," as it was demurely styled on the title page, by Augusta Jane Evans, patrician, pedantic, and prudish daughter of the South, that became a best seller in the years following the Civil War. It was translated into most of the literate languages of the globe, and its success is comparable with "Gone with the Wind," due allowance being made for increase of population and better distribution of books. It lay on the marble-topped center tables in all cultured homes; only "Uncle Tom's Cabin" topped it in sales; its author was hailed as the American Brontë, and it was seriously suggested that she be called Beulah Evans—after the heroine of one of her previous books—to distinguish her from that less famous Marion Evans of England, better known as George Eliot.

Men forsook lives of sin and wrote the proud author they had been "saved" and "converted" by its chaste and pious pages, and a far-traveled observer recorded that he had discovered a Parsee boy reading it in the shadow of Taj Mahal, a striking coincidence, for a scale model of that famous tomb figures in one of the crises of the book. It attained the eminence of burlesque, and "St. Twel'mo," by Charles Henry Webb, had a mild success of its own. And it may still be discovered, in the form of a melodrama, in the repertoire of jitney theatrical stock companies.

Augusta Jane Evans (daguerrotype in the possession of Florence A. Slade, Columbus, Ga.). "She worked late at night when she should have been in bed" . . .

"St. Elmo" is the story of St. Elmo Murray and Edna Earl. Edna was the daughter of the village blacksmith of Chattanooga, whose

> flexible lips curved in lines of orthodox Greek perfection . . . while the broad, full, polished forehead with its prominent swelling brows, could not fail to recall . . . the calm, powerful face of Lorenzo di Medicis.

Orphaned and left alone in the world by the death of her grandfather, she is rescued from a train wreck at Columbus, Georgia, by Mrs. Murray, proud, ambitious, snobbish widow of a wealthy planter. Mrs. Murray takes Edna into her home, brings her up, and educates her. Allan Hammond, pastor of Mrs. Murray's church—no denomination given, but the parsonage beside the cathedral-like sanctuary suggests Episcopalian rather than the Methodist Church South—was placed in charge of Edna's education.

St. Elmo, Mrs. Murray's son, arrogant, wicked, was

> prematurely old . . . the fair chiseled lineaments were blotted with dissipation, and blackened and distorted by the baleful fires of a fierce, passionate nature and a restless, powerful, and unhallowed intellect, . . . [until] . . . sin had reduced him to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns.

St. Elmo gives one look at what mother brought home and flees to Edfu to be gone four years. By the time he returns Edna has been brought to such an intellectual pitch by the learned minister that she is familiar with Sanskrit, Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and Cufic, not to speak of Greek and Latin. Her learning is a match for the unhallowed intellect. St. Elmo falls in love with Edna. Her pure faith penetrates the ashy arches. But she rejects him with scorn.

> "I would sooner feel the coil of a serpent around my waist than your arms."

The duel is on. St. Elmo is able to quote appositely from the most obscure sources, indulge in the most cryptic and recondite allusions, and does so on every possible occasion. They converse in a language coruscating with brilliance, studded with quotations; and their lightest remarks would furnish posers for Mr. Fadiman's group of pundits. As follows:

> "I have faced alike the bourrans of the steppes and the Samjeli of Shamo, and the result of my vandal life is best epitomized in those grand but grim words of Bossuet: *'On*

Next Week

CORRESPONDENCE OF HORACE WALPOLE AND MADAME DU DEFFAND
Edited by WILMARTH S. LEWIS
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

INGRES
By WALTER PACH
Reviewed by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

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trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant'. Nineteen years ago, to satisfy my hunger, I set out to hunt the daintiest food this world could furnish, and, like other fools, have learned finally, that life is but a huge mellow gilden Osher, that mockingly sifts its bitter dust upon our eager lips. Ah! truly, *'on trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant.'* "

"Mr. Murray, if you insist on your bitter Osher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solanum, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes; unless it is punctured by an insect (the Tenthredo), which converts the whole inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of 'Ain Jidy' till stung and poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin."

Touché! She had him there. Thus throughout the book. No matter how striking the figure or obscure the allusion that St. Elmo dug out from the depths of his appalling education, Edna came back with one more recondite, more abstruse. Not many of the thousands thrilled by this book could offhand define such words as epoptae, thanatoid, chrysolegent, androsphynx, lotophagi, lachrymatoria, bath-kol, Zaarach, diamastigosis; or identify Alfrasiab, Eponina, Ezzolino, Cyranides, Megilloth, Aurungzebe, Aphœa, Mt. Byelucha, Demophoön; or get the full significance of such allusions as "Peruvian Quieppo," "Neshki lore," "Bechuana of the desert," "Moleschott's dictum," "vineyards of Axarquia," "Basilidian tenets," "skeleton of Atures," "caves of Atarpue," "cool cloisters of Coutloumoussi," "reviewing the Bhuda-Gagna," "refugee Yerzidees," "incipient Isotta Nogarole." But with such and many more the conversation of the two principal characters is loaded, not introduced with pomp and circumstance, but casually, as a matter of course. The book is a gold mine for compilers of crossword puzzles.

Far-Fetched Metaphors

Edna writes erudite novels (in the same vein as Augusta Jane's own "St. Elmo") that create a stir and bring her fame and money. Augusta Jane's faith in this scrapbook method is reflected in the advice the learned pastor gives his precocious pupil:

> He encouraged her to seek illustrations from every department of letters . . . assuring her that what is often denominated "far-fetchedness," in metaphors, furnished not only evidence of the laborious industry of the writer, but is an implied compliment to the cultured taste . . . when properly understood.

There must be a catch in those last three words.

St. Elmo presses his suit; Edna rejects him from her lofty stance as a perfect Christian, and after each session they must perforce have sought their dictionaries, thesauri, anthologies, and gazetteers to prepare for the next onslaught. Edna's hand is sought by other suitors from both sides of the Atlantic, who, while not in St. Elmo's class in that "information please" style of conversation, have a line sufficiently encyclopedic to keep Edna on her toes. One earnest young man insists on reading with Edna a Talmudic Targum in hopes of softening her heart, but to no avail.

Meanwhile, St. Elmo, failing to overwhelm her with his odd bits of esoteric learning, tries telling her the melancholy story of his life, how he became a "mass of ashy arches," or as he aptly put it, "roll away the stone from the charnel house of the past and call forth the Lazarus of [his] buried youth." Finally he plays the trump card, the only way to break through Edna's fierce religious intolerance, renounces his wayward, cynical, atheistic life, becomes a Christian, and immediately, without the tiresome necessity of a course in theology, the minister of the Gothic pile he himself had built before his fall from grace.

> "God has pardoned all my sins," he cries triumphantly, "and accepts me as a laborer worthy to enter his vineyard. Is Edna Earl more righteous than the Lord she worships?"
>
> "Oh, sir, do not think about it . . . Never was more implicit faith, more devoted affection, given any human being than I now give you, Mr. Murray; you are my first and my last and my only love."
>
> He drew her closer to his bosom, and laid his dark cheek on hers, saying fondly and proudly:
>
> "My wife, my life. Oh! we will walk this world,
> Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
> And so through those dark gates across the wild
> That so man knows. My hopes and thine are one.
> Accomplish thou my manhood, and thyself,
> Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Such, briefly, is the plot of "St. Elmo." The author of this remarkable effusion, Augusta Jane Evans, was born in 1835 at Columbus, Georgia, not far from Warm Springs. The old mansion house that still stands has been built up into something of a local shrine, though most of the stories told about it are legends. It is often pointed out as Augusta Jane's birthplace, but actually it was the home of her aunt, Mrs. Seaborn Jones; and the Evanses, poor relations, occupied a cottage on the estate.

Nor could it have been, as is hopefully maintained, the original of "Le Bocage," the home of the Murrays in the novel, for no such mansion as Augusta Jane describes existed in the South, or anywhere in the United States. It was like something from the Arabian Nights with its domes, arched ceilings, vaulted corridors and arcades, its doorways guarded by Bacchus and Bacchante, by Boeotian monsters and Trimurti, adorned with an architrave from the Cave Temple of Elephanta, a marble miniature of the Taj Mahal at Agra, two black rhyta from Chiusi and a cylix from Vulci, bijouterie and objets d'art scattered everywhere to fill a dozen pages, and a menagerie consisting of deer, reindeer, llamas, Cashmere goats, and a large white cow from Ava.

For the claim that some parts, at least, of Augusta Jane's *magnum opus*

(*Continued on page* 14)

St. Elmo, the home of Augusta Jane's aunt, Mrs. Seaborn Jones, at Columbus, Ga. Augusta was born in a small house on the same estate.

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From Eohippus to Seabiscuit

THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF THE HORSE. By Arthur Vernon. Boston: Waverly House. 1939. 525 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

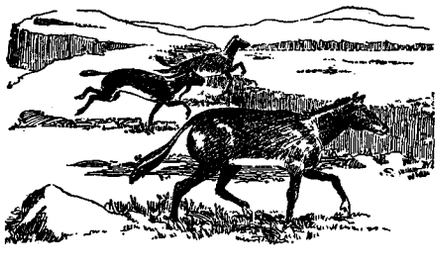
Reviewed by PHIL STONG

ONE'S impulse on seeing a book called the "history *and* romance" of anything is to say, "Well, make up your mind." Mr. Vernon has made up his mind and chosen both; this story of the horse is carefully studied as history and brightly written as romance.

The little eohippus was about the size of a Scottie and he was not good for much but chewing grass, but he happened along at an evolutionary pause between homicidal dinosaurs and hungry wolves and skipped gaily before the glaciers, from Seattle to Vladivostok and thence to Paris, leaving some choice fossils on his route. Presumably it was around Paris that he made the famous announcement, "I'm going to be a horse"—little knowing that some cousins he had left scattered around Asia had arrived at the same noble determination.

Ours not to reason why the "Dawn Horse"—which is a term that makes it rude to ask what the eohippus was before he was an eohippus—took the difficult route over the presumable land neck between Carl Lomen's reindeer factory in Alaska and the U.S.S.R. He should have gone to New Mexico for the winter, but instead this overgrown rabbit went trotting, or perhaps cantering, off to Manchuria, leaving no survivors on the American continent.

For a few million years the little fellow ate spinach regularly, so that when *homo* more-or-less *sapiens* turned up, eohippus has become *equus* and was big enough to ride to a Crusade. The Crusaders, the most accomplished band of horse-thieves the world has ever known, stole the Asiatic cousins of their own jaded mounts and started out a lot of race horses, chargers, coursers, Percherons, and Indian ponies. Mr. Vernon tells how these things came about with clarity, force, and lovely irreverence for kings, Crusaders, and the order of things in general.

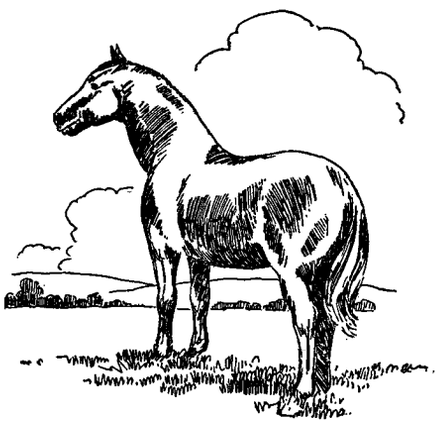


Mesohippus, about as big as a sheep.

Of knighthood in its flower:

> If the knight errant kept his mind on his own business, which was to help the down-trodden and the oppressed, and kept his nose out of other people's business, his courser would have had a comparatively easy time of it. A knight mounted on a powerful horse had the advantage over any other medieval subject. His horse was larger and swifter. His armor was almost fool proof. He carried a variety of weapons ranging from a knife to an axe and from a mace to a lance. Unless it happened to be a sham knight, any oppressor or down-trodder would not last three minutes in an encounter with a knight errant. . . .
>
> The knight errant, however, had a remarkable gift for making more trouble than he either prevented or corrected. . . .

There follows a delightful, fictitious account of some knights meeting at



Morgan, the result of an unpaid bill.

a fountain where a wronged maiden is weeping, and getting into the usual argument about who is to be her champion. At the end, the maiden pushes the bodies aside and goes on her way without even tipping the hat-check girl.

Mr. Vernon believes that the Age of Chivalry broke down because of the slaughter of horses in the Crusades—no horses, no chivalry. The derivation of "chivalry" from "cheval" is obvious.

From this highly entertaining relation the author goes somewhat abruptly into the days of coaches. One of the pleasant and unreasonable things about the book is that it pays little attention to proportion and organization; when Mr. Vernon runs into a good story he tells it and then says apologetically, "Oh, yes, while this was going on the history and the romance of the horse was as follows in two hundred words." The method is a little reminiscent of Tristram Shandy and as diverting in effect. There is a very amusing chapter about horses in Hollywood that does not belong in a serious history of the horse at all, but certainly belongs in print. There is another about the Pony Express, which was completely insignificant to either horses or men, but the story makes very good reading.

Episodic as it may be, the history is nevertheless complete in broad outline. The writer believes, as does this reviewer, that too much noise about mechanization has made an insensitive public neglect the fact that horses are still first in war, first in work, and first in the hearts of their countrymen.

Phil Stong, journalist and novelist is the author of the recently published "Horse's and Americans," to be reviewed in an early issue.

Popular Art and Major Industry

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN FILM. By Lewis Jacobs. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 585 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR ROSENHEIMER, JR.

THE motion picture in America presents the unique combination of a popular art and a major industry—a coupling not merely rare, but unprecedented. Perhaps it is because of this singular rapprochement that all previous attempts to chronicle the rise of the American film have been so unsatisfactory. Either they have tended to underscore the art and ignore the industry; or, even worse, they have treated the motion picture as simply another commercial enterprise, totally unaware that it has an esthetic. And, in either case, they failed completely to grasp the significant fact that the film is a *popular* art.

"The Rise of the American Film" is, therefore, the first history to relate the development of the motion picture as an industry to the development of the film as an art, and to set this growth against the social background that nourished it. Never does Mr. Jacobs make the mistake of underestimating the role of the individual, of the great directors and actors who contributed to the motion picture's artistic stature. But he is insistent upon the necessity of analyzing audiences as well as the films themselves, since, because of its industrial aspect, this art form depends for its very life upon wide acceptance by that audience.

Such an approach requires, besides deep insight, a wide and thorough knowledge of both the films and their

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John Ford directing Victor McLaglen in "The Informer" (1935).

historical context. The appended bibliographies attest to the vast amount of investigation that has gone into the preparation of this book. Research is evident on every page. But even more important, through the resources of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, Mr. Jacobs has become the first historian to reëxamine many of the significant pictures from the past. Better than anything else, these films reveal the morals and mores of each of the last four decades, and Mr. Jacobs has had the actual experience, rather than mere memory, upon which to base his conclusions. The films on the one hand and our own social history on the other are brilliantly juxtaposed in his work.

The motion picture takes on a new significance as we watch it change with its audience away from the crude, moralistic, but severely realistic drama directed at working class patrons in the "nickelodeons," to a sex-charged escape for the jaded middle class in the 1920s. In the war, in the depression years, the motion picture has been unconsciously recording its society even while playing an active role in it.

Through all these complexities Mr. Jacobs has skillfully threaded the narrative of the film's growth in technique and treatment. Especially valuable are his notes on directors: analyses of the work of the prominent figures in each decade. A remarkable succession of chapters on Griffith at once summarizes an era of progress in the American film (1909-19) and gives a keen insight into the career of its outstanding artist. If the very current chapters (1937-1939) of Mr. Jacobs's work seem over-burdened and kaleidoscopic, it is owing no doubt rather to lack of a time perspective than of understanding.

Bell's Empire

AMERICAN TEL. & TEL. THE STORY OF A GREAT MONOPOLY. By Horace Coon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. 276 *pp., with index.* $3.

A. T. & T. THE STORY OF INDUSTRIAL CONQUEST. By N. R. Danielian. New York: Vanguard Press. 1939. 460 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE most colossal of the world's corporations, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is rated as possessing more than five billion dollars in assets. Its 650,000 stockholders rejoiced in a $9 annual dividend right through the depression. It links together sixteen million telephone subscribers with about as much copper wire as would reach from the earth to the sun. Nominally under government regulation, actually the control exercised over its activities is largely perfunctory; its great manufacturing subsidiary, the Western Electric, is not regarded as a public utility, and no satisfactory principle of valuation for rate-making purposes has yet been determined upon by the courts. The A. T. & T. is of course, a double-riveted monopoly. But everyone looks upon it as a fairly good monopoly; it is financially chaste, indulging in no market-juggling or thimble-rigging; it does not club labor into submission; and its officers make loud professions of their regard for the public interest.

It is not strange that two treatments of this huge aggregation of capital, which through telephones, teletypes, sound films, radio, and television reaches nearly everybody in the land, should appear at once. Both are built on the recent Federal investigation. Mr. Coon, who in "Money to Burn" wrote about our great foundations, and Mr. Danielian, who is one of the experts on the F.C.C. staff, have seized upon the data of this investigation. Fortunately, however, they have produced two books which rather complement than duplicate each other. Mr. Coon's book, much the shorter, is primarily historical; Mr. Danielian's 460 closely-printed pages go at length into the present-day set-up and operations of the A. T. & T., and into its relations with the public.

The story that Mr. Coon tells is really fascinating, and a good part of it appears here—in detail—for the first time. Everyone knows how Bell invented the telephone, but few are familiar with the means by which New England financiers almost immediately took over its development, and still fewer know how Theodore N. Vail built it into a great monopoly. Independents arose, and struck at the Bell domination. One by one these independents fell. A movement for government ownership was pressed, and during the World War the government took control of the system. But the A. T. & T. management strengthened its own position while Washington met the deficits, and came out of the war richer and more powerful than ever. In addition to telling how the monopoly grew—a tale in which appear such men as Newcomb Carlton, N. C. Kingsbury, Clarence Mackay, and George Gould—Mr. Coon describes the research activities of the corporation; relates how the telephone went first into radio, and then into pictures; and urges that the nominal regulation of the colossus be converted into a real control. But he is generally friendly in his attitude toward the giant, and leaves the field of critical exposure to Mr. Danielian.

This opportunity Mr. Danielian embraces with gusto. The history of the corporation is of little interest to him, and he passes over it rapidly. He concentrates instead upon a most searching, extremely shrewd, and decidedly chill-tempered scrutiny of the many activities of the A. T. & T. and its satellites. He shows that the 650,000 stockholders who so impress some newspapers are not quite what they seem. In 1935, according to the company's books, 5.1 per cent of the stockholders owned slightly over one-half of all the shares. That is, "control" of the company was in the hands of a comparatively small group of rich men. But this group does not have the real control. On the contrary, that is exercised by a little body of "technical managers" and a ring of financiers who surround them. A business bureaucracy, secure in its grip, sways the vast business. It is perfectly entrenched against any possible threat except one: a movement on the part of public opinion to extend a close governmental suzerainty over this huge monopoly. Mr. Danielian, on the basis of the facts gathered by the F.C.C., shows how assiduously the A. T. & T. labors to conciliate the public, how earnestly it attempts to blarney newspapers, educational institutions, and governmental bodies. Some of his matter on the vast publicity built up to engender good will (a publicity paid for by telephone users) is quite astonishing. He also looks into the matter of employee treatment, and finds that the picture has some dark spots. For example, he offers some very cogent facts and arguments to show that the pension system of the A. T. & T. is

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not half so generous as at first glance it appears; while he makes it plain that the maintenance of the $9 dividend during the depression was not unconnected with the wholesale laying-off of men. Though at the close of 1937 the system was doing more business than in 1929, the number of employees was about 134,000 less. Of course the $9 dividends helped "maintain general purchasing power"; but the laying off of 134,000 workers helped maintain unemployment and the need for public relief expenditures.

In still other respects Mr. Danielian finds the policies and operations of the A. T. & T. open to serious question. Like Mr. Coon, he regards the corporation's rates as decidedly too high. And even more emphatically than Mr. Coon, he believes that public control ought to be given reality, suggesting some ways of accomplishing this. His book raises questions of great importance, some of which must be settled soon. It is written with a scientific regard for evidence, and in a temperate spirit, and its conclusions cannot but carry great weight.

Many-Sided Victorian

WALTER BAGEHOT. By William Irvine. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. 303 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HENRY HAZLITT

WALTER BAGEHOT'S outward life was not very eventful, and his present biographer tactfully recognizes the fact by not devoting more than a small section of his volume to it. Bagehot was born in 1826, the son of a banker, attended University College, London, wrote a series of brilliant letters for an English paper on Louis Napoleon's coup d'état on a visit to Paris, learned the banking business with his father, while he also wrote literary, biographical, and religious essays, married a Miss Wilson, daughter of the owner of the London *Economist,* eventually became editor of that paper, stood for Parliament three times and was each time defeated, and then wrote the volumes on which his reputation rests: "The English Constitution," "Lombard Street," "Physics and Politics," and "Economic Studies." He died in 1877 in his fifty-second year.

Bagehot was not one of the great Victorian heroes. As Mr. Irvine reminds us, he neither founded an economic empire in Africa, nor agitated a great cause, nor received primroses from a queen. Yet he was not merely a brilliant man but a wise one. He adventured intellectually into at least three separate realms: literature, politics, and economics. "The English Constitution," on which his present fame chiefly rests, is the classic work on its subject, just as "Lombard Street" remained for many years the classic analysis and description of the British money market. The purely descriptive parts of each volume have become somewhat outmoded by the changes time has brought, but the volumes retain their vitality through their shrewd analysis of principles and their psychological penetration. They rest, not on book knowledge, but on direct observation of men and affairs; they are filled, to use Bagehot's own phrase about "The Wealth of Nations," with "just maxims fresh from the life."

Nearly all those who have hitherto written at length of Bagehot have been interested in the political scientist, the financial writer, or the sociologist. They have virtually ignored the fact that he ever wrote literary criticism. It helps to balance the scales that William Irvine, himself a professor of English at Stanford University, is interested chiefly in Bagehot the literary critic, and devotes the major part of his work to an analysis of Bagehot's literary doctrine, his style, wit, and humor, and the influence upon him of William Hazlitt, Macaulay, and Burke.

Mr. Irvine has evidently been greatly influenced by the Babbitt-More-Foerster school of humanists, and seems to have been drawn to Bagehot by what he believes to be his subject's "Aristotelian" critical principles. "Altogether," he declares, "he is the broadest and most liberal Aristotelian of his age." He feels, also, that Bagehot is himself an illustration of the Aristotelian virtue of "animated moderation," the "union of life with measure."

Though Mr. Irvine sometimes slips into academic pedantry, he writes for the most part with a light and graceful touch, and with occasional flashes of wit. His critical judgment is remarkably sound, and he weighs Bagehot the literary figure quite justly.

Labor on the March

WASTE HERITAGE. By Irene Baird. New York: Random House. 1939. 329 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARGARET WALLACE

THIS is a black novel—black and bitter and compassionate and intensely sincere. It does for the migratory workers of British Columbia what the stories of John Steinbeck have done for the migratory workers of the Pacific Coast. That it is expected to evoke as profound a response, at least in Canada, is indicated by the action of the Canadian publishers in omitting certain passages. If the unabridged version offered in this country creates rather less stir, it will be owing in large part to the fact that most of us have read Steinbeck already.

Irene Baird

When Matt Striker dropped off a freight train in Aschelon to join the sit-down strike he had, in his own phrase, nothing to lose but his pants. Just short of his twenty-third birthday, he had never in his life had a job which lasted more than a few weeks. He had bummed around the nine provinces looking for work until no local relief organization would be responsible for him. He had done two brief stretches in jail, one for vagrancy and the other for inciting to riot. He had a deep scar across the bridge of his nose from a cop's riot stick. About all he asked now was the pleasure of handing that sock back to somebody.

For nineteen days in Aschelon—one may as well read Vancouver—two public buildings had been occupied by a stubborn army of the unemployed, an army too numerous to jail. An army, as their leader put it, with "a damn high nuisance value" so long as public sympathy could be maintained. Most of the men, Matt included, were pretty vague about their goal. But the leader was planning ahead. When they were cleared out of Aschelon with clubs and gas bombs, as they inevitably would be, they were going across to Gath and lay their case squarely in the laps of the provincial legislators.

A hopeless crusade? Almost certainly—but any endeavor seems better than none. And it is the kind of crusade to turn disappointed boys like Matt Striker into men of firm and possibly dangerous purpose. "Waste Heritage" is a tough story, but almost malodorously human. It is biased, if you like, but never lopsided. Irene Baird writes with both fists and an angry will to be heard. She is a vital and interesting novelist.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Best Sellers under Fire

WE have never understood why a book must be bad because a lot of people enjoy it. Therefore we cannot go along with Pearl Buck in her interesting strictures against best sellers, delivered recently at a symposium of the League of American Writers. "We Americans who are so sensitive about freedom and independence in matters of government . . . submit our minds like ignorant lambs to a dictatorship as senseless as any in the world," said the author of "The Good Earth"—"the dictatorship of the best seller lists. I cannot see it as anything but vicious from any point of view."

Of course it is obvious that best sellers are not prescribed reading. It is equally obvious that a best seller reaches only a small fraction of the population. "The Grapes of Wrath" has sold about 300,000 copies since April—ten per cent of the circulation of *The Saturday Evening Post* for one week's issue. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Buck went on to say how much she admires "The Grapes of Wrath;" called it "the perfect example of an ideal best seller." So we gather that even from her point of view best sellers are all right if they are good books.

It is universally recognized that the literary quality of best sellers has enormously improved since the days of Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton-Porter (see, for instance, Frederick Lewis Allen's article in the *SRL* of December 7, 1935). That, however, is incidental. What Pearl Buck is arguing against is the influence of the best seller lists. "Reading ought to spring out of individual interest. . . . This running to consult best seller lists is a specious thing." But this argument seems to beg the question. Actually it is the reading tastes of the public that make the best seller lists in the first place, not the other way around. Of course the appearance of a title on the best seller lists is a further stimulant—completing a circle which Mrs. Buck considers vicious, but which seems to us at worst neutral, and often benevolent, as in the case of "The Grapes of Wrath." Mrs. Buck likes individualism, and so do we. But it seems to us not to undermine individualism to admit that people do have some interests, tastes, and characteristics in common. These common properties explain why thousands of people often like the same book—so often, in fact, that when a book has once become a best seller, there will be many readers, hearing of it for the first time, who will reasonably consider that if this book has pleased fifty or a hundred thousand others, it will please them as well. In view of the present sales figures of best sellers—even of a "Gone with the Wind"—this constitutes something less than universal regimentation.

We can see no threat to democracy in best seller lists. On the contrary—as Malcolm Cowley pointed out at the same symposium—profits on best sellers help to make possible the publication of unsuccessful books: first novels, experimental writing, advanced thinking, and art for art's sake. It is the availability of unpopular books that is essential for a democracy, and if best sellers contribute to this availability, so much the better for best sellers. This may not be ideal, but it is practical. The only other way to make unpopular books available is through some form of subsidy. Private subsidy is uncertain; public subsidy is a step in the direction of censorship: for what government will pay for the dissemination of ideas in opposition to its own policies? We prefer the present imperfect system by which unpopular books are frequently taken on by the publishers of best sellers, on the theory that the unpopular writer may eventually produce a best seller. As indeed they sometimes do. Steinbeck, for instance.

Two Free Speakers

TWO valued contributors to *The Saturday Review* have died within the past two weeks. Ernest Sutherland Bates, after leaving the University of Oregon as a result of a quarrel over free speech, began his New York career as a reviewer for this paper, and has been a member of our critical circle ever since. He was courageous, indomitable, and extraordinarily versatile. But while we knew him as an authority on philosophy and the history of religions, and as a doughty controversialist, the public will remember him best for his excellent modern reordering and selection from the Bible, which had a wide success. Llewelyn Powys, by many considered the most gifted of that famous family, has for many years contributed occasional literary essays, studies of men and books, to this *Review*. They were distinguished by a weight of intellectual appreciation behind the fine rich style of the author, and by a passionate defense of literature with emotional depth and originality. The seventeenth century was his favorite, and in the sensuous beauty of his prose, and his contempt for priggishness, genteelness, and mere cleverness, he wrote in the atmosphere of that century. He was at his best in descriptions of English nature, although these were always incidental to some biographical or philosophic purpose in his essays. Sex, for him, ennobled life; he was a pagan, with a religion of beauty; and a critic at his best with the great originals in English literature.

H. S. C.

Security

BY
ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

THERE is refuge in a sea-shell—
Or a star;
But in between,
Nowhere.

There is peace in the immense—
Or the small;
Between the two,
Not at all.

The planet in the sky,
The sea-shell on the ground:
And though all heaven and earth between them lie,
No peace is to be found
Elsewhere.

Oh you who turn
For refuge, learn
From women, who have always known
The only roads that life has shown
To be secure.
How sure
The path a needle follows—or a star;
The near—the far.
With what compare
The light reflected from a thimble's stare
Unless, on high,
Arcturus' eye?

The near—the far:
But in between,
Oh where
Is comfort to be seen?

There is refuge in a sea-shell—
Or a star
But in between,
Nowhere.

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Letters to the Editor: *Benjamin Stolberg Replies to Henry Seidel Canby*

Et Tu, Dr. Canby!

MY DEAR DR. CANBY:—You call me irresponsible in dealing with members of my own trade who have played the Stalinist game. And in the next breath you admit that you yourself know nothing of that game. How, then, can you judge of my responsibility?

You say that I read like an editorial from *Pravda*. I wonder if you have ever read an editorial in *Pravda*. Indeed, I wonder if you even know the polemical manners of the *Daily Worker*, or of the *New Masses* of which Mr. Granville Hicks was until recently an editor. I doubt it. For nowhere have I seen you objecting when Dr. John Dewey was described as wallowing in "a swamp of filth . . . the puppet of disruption in America's liberal and progressive movements," a "Charlie McCarthy for the Trotskyites." I have not seen you objecting when Max Eastman was called "a notorious swindler," "gangster of the pen," and a British agent. Or when Norman Thomas, time and again, was called a Fascist agent, or when Sinclair Lewis was classed with "the drones and parasites of society," or when Carlo Tresca was accused of vying with myself "for stoolpigeon honors."

And now, Dr. Canby, having agreed with you that you are ignorant of Stalinist "ideology" and supplied you with a few samples of Stalinist character assassination, I ask you by what right you speak as one having authority.

You seem to have fallen, no doubt unwittingly, for the old Stalinist trick of trying to keep critics constantly "proving" what the world already knows. If you had done me the honor to read what I have written about Stalinism in the labor movement and elsewhere, instead of merely calling me a "wise guy," you would know by this time that I know whereof I speak. Do you think that Norman Thomas, Eugene Lyons, James T. Farrell, Sidney Hook, Louis Stark, and other writers of equal integrity, who have also exposed the Stalinist racket, simply rush into print without having the facts to back up their statements? We know our stuff, Dr. Canby. And if you would like to learn something about this issue before you yourself rush into print again, I shall be very glad to send you a long string of witnesses —radicals, liberals, progressives—who will give you the facts. For that matter, you can get them for yourself by simply going through the back files of both the left wing and the general press. But of course you will have to read with your eyes open.

The fact is, you are missing the whole point of the current struggle for intellectual freedom by assuming that the Stalinists are "radicals." What is "radical" about the League of American Writers, an organization which bitterly (before the Stalinazi Pact) condemned the persecution of German intellectuals under Hitler, and enthusiastically whitewashed the intellectual Terror in the Soviet Union?

As for the Writers Project, Dr. Canby, real radicals and liberals didn't stand a ghost of a show there at the height of the Stalinist Terror. The details of this terror are a matter of public record. But even if one granted that the Stalinists and their stooges on the Project were "radicals," the fact still remains that most of them were not writers. I said this in my article, I repeat it, and I stand ready to prove it.

And now for the three individual writers whom you defend. I mentioned Mr. Van Wyck Brooks as a distinguished intellectual who had lent himself to the Stalinist racket because he was politically unsophisticated. And this sounds to you like an editorial from *Pravda?* The fact is, I was kind to Mr. Brooks. I did not mention his notorious letter to *Time*, demanding the burning of German books; I did not mention that he has never opened his head against the Stalinist Inquisition. Do you believe, my dear Dr. Canby, that to fight Hitler by burning Goethe would be either politically or "philosophically" sound, or morally defensible?

As for Mr. Hicks, I could respect him more had he "changed his mind" about Stalinism on more principled grounds than his objection to its clumsy publicity. You, Dr. Canby, may find his contribution to criticism "exceedingly valuable." That is a matter of opinion. I know other scholars who consider it silly. I note that in the same issue of the *Saturday Review* in which you defend Mr. Hicks, Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, reviewing his latest "contribution" to "the Marxist interpretation of literature," finds him ignorant of both the literature he writes about and its social and political background. But the really important thing, of course, is that as a member of the Communist Party Mr. Hicks was not, and could not be, a free critic, and that he used his position as an editor of the *New Masses* to measure literature by the standards of the Kremlin Inquisition.

I cannot leave Mr. Hicks without expressing my admiration of your own magnanimity. As late as August, Mr. Hicks—and Mr. Vincent Sheean too, for that matter—signed the famous Letter of the 400 which attacked as "agents of fascism" the Committee for Cultural Freedom, to which both you and I belong.

On Mr. Sheean I am forced to disagree with every word you say. To be sure, Mr. Sheean's books are full of "ready indignation against cruelty and injustice and tyranny." But his indignation is very diplomatically guided. He showed none against the betrayal of Loyalist Spain by the Stalinists. He is a journalist. I hold that it was impossible for him to visit Loyalist Spain and remain unaware of the G.P.U. terror to which John Dos Passos, Jose Escuder, Sam Baron, Liston Oak, to mention only a few who were there, have testified. And I insist that nobody could have learned the horrible truth about the Soviet Union as fast as Mr. Sheean appears to have learned it—*vide* the chronology of his "conversion" as given in my article.

I know that old phrase about fouling your own nest, Dr. Canby. Are you sure it is I who am guilty of it?

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

New York City.

"Have you a copy of this book without the asterisks?"

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One-Man Show

PICASSO: FORTY YEARS OF HIS ART. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 1939. 208 *pp., with* 217 *plates.* $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

IF the total output of a modernist of ripe years be studied, Jacques Barzun suggests, it will reveal "a normal continuity of artistic attitude," despite changes of manner. Picasso is fifty-eight, and his manners, exhibited currently through three hundred works at the Museum of Modern Art, and in the 217 illustrations of this book, have a staggering diversity. Yet the Picasso who painted the terrifying "Seated Woman" is terrifying in much the same sense of that word in "Guernica;" the monolithic simplifications of the colossal nudes reappear in the line drawings for Ovid's "Metamorphoses." The current stereotype of the modernist throwing aside a squeezed stylistic lemon as soon as its flavor loses tang, ignores the fact that, in a single year, Picasso painted the more or less naturalistic Pierrot which is no. 139 in the show, and also no. 140, which is a cubistic Harlequin-Violinist very far from "natural appearance." The myth that the modernist draws "weirdly" because he cannot draw "correctly" was long since abandoned; but it is well to remind ourselves that Ingres could not have bettered the exquisite Picasso drawings of lithe acrobats, or pencil portraits sketches like the one of Diaghilev and Selisburg.

Lewisohn Collection

Pierrot Seated (1918). The parallel course of Picasso's cubist and "realistic" styles is illustrated by comparing this Pierrot and the harlequin Violinist (above), both done during the same year.

The Violinist ("Si tu veux"), 1918. "The myth that the modernist draws 'weirdly' because he cannot draw 'correctly' was long since abandoned" . . .

Like its half a hundred predecessors, this volume is more than a catalogue of the current exhibition which, assembled through the joint efforts of the Museum of Modern Art and the Chicago Art Institute, affords the most comprehensive view of Picasso's work that has ever been made possible. There is a bibliography; a list of the ballets for which the artist has designed settings and costumes; a chronology of his life; even a table of various domiciles; the titles of books he has illustrated; the names of Picasso paintings to be found in American museums and collections; and two statements in which the artist himself recommends a revolution against common sense. And there are the tactful and suggestive comments of Mr. Barr, expressed, like the observations of a skillful guide, at strategic moments for the reader, to emphasize continuities in the work of the world's most abundantly talented painter.

This book, like the exhibition, should remind even the observer who recoils from the shocking and sinister dehumanizations, the puerile anti-intellectualism, the devastating egocentricity of Picasso, how much there is in the world he has created that brings immediate if scarcely profound satisfaction: an acrobat balanced on a ball, the stained-glass contours and flaming intensities of "Girl before a Mirror," the astringent portrait of Gertrude Stein, the charm of "Woman in White," and the incredible delicacy of "Three Dancers Resting."

Oliver Larkin is a member of the department of art at Smith College.

Elsie Dinsmore and Dr. Hudson

DOCTOR HUDSON'S SECRET JOURNAL. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

IN the half century that separates Elsie Dinsmore from Dr. Hudson, "inspirational" writings have undergone many style changes. But fashions here as elsewhere tend to move, if not in circles, then in spirals. Bustles and corsets come around again. Designers may modify their silliness but their genes remain unchanged.

It was thoughts like these that led me to the startling suspicion that Dr. Hudson may well be the strapping grandson of that pious inspirer of the eighties, Elsie Dinsmore herself! This hypothesis, as anyone can see, presents fascinating possibilities for research. But I warn the student not to be thrown off by the damns and hells that sprinkle the Journal and to which the author in his Foreword playfully refers as "cuss-words." I myself feel sure that they have no true significance, and are introduced chiefly as evidence that Wayne Hudson was no sissy.

Let me confess at once that I have not read the author's earlier "Magnificent Obsession," in which Dr. Hudson was first introduced to his two million readers, not one of whom, "it has frequently been said," was "ever quite the same again." After all I wasn't sure I wanted to change like that, and besides Mr. Douglas himself says that reading it isn't necessary for the understanding of this Journal. But maybe if I had, I shouldn't have that baffled feeling now. There is no doubt about it; somewhere I have missed the key clue.

It seems that the author in the earlier book "advocated an expensive and venturesome technique for generating personal power." Quotations from the journal of one deceased Dr. Hudson showed some of the workings of this "dynamic discovery." But the two million readers quite naturally wanted to learn how they too might share in the "investment" returns, and they told the author so in an avalanche of letters. In response he now offers his public the Journal in toto.

A "discovery" of such magnitude was obviously a great responsibility. Dr. Hudson didn't dare share it with the world, nor could so tremendous a secret be permitted to go with him to the grave. A quandary indeed. The cautious doctor solved it by writing all

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about it in his Journal, but to protect it from the thoughtless, he transposed the whole thing into cipher. (If you don't believe me, there is a facsimile of the first page with its translation at the book's beginning). After the Doctor died a braver man decoded it, and the world got it after all. Now, while I grant that his was a labor of love, I honestly can't think that the decoder did a very good job. The Doctor's own words are perfectly clear to the effect that if the reader persevere and read the whole thing he will learn the secret. But, "damn it all," as he says so often, I did persevere, and I still don't see how setting up a man in a little restaurant could direct a surgeon in the removal of a complicated brain tumor. And that's only one of any number of instances.

This so secret Journal begins in October, 1913, and rambles along for eight years. But the story properly begins in 1905, a year after the Doctor's wife had died, when he first learned of the miraculous rewards from an "investment in personality." (I can't help it if you don't understand this. I don't either). Anyway from that time on he charges at full speed and achieves *through his discovery* (the italics are mine) "an excellent rating in a difficult field of surgery, a position of influence in civic affairs, a comfortable home." As far as I can make out, the method is as simple as ordering shares from your broker. All you do is to find the right down-and-out "personality," and gamble more cash than you can afford on his success.

Doctor Hudson is none of your hysterical mystics. On the contrary, he is as lusty and as tolerant as the most virile Buchmanite. And while his dividends are piling up, he chats in his folksy way about a lot of other things —his operations, the war, prohibition. (The good man doesn't drink but he doesn't mind a bit when his friends order gin fizzes.) To the literal-minded the translation into cipher of so many pages of homely truths may seem over-cautious, but Dr. Hudson doubtless had his reasons. Perhaps he didn't like cross-word puzzles. And if he is forced into a good many clichés, he at least recognizes them as quickly as you do. Of "spiritual athlete" for example, he asks you facetiously, "Can you bear this phrase?"

But I have used up all my space and haven't told yet how the Doctor finds surcease for his loneliness in the glamorous pal of his adolescent daughter. But after all in a book like this, it isn't the plot that matters. What is it, I wonder?

Hooton on Homo Sapiens

TWILIGHT OF MAN. By Earnest A. Hooton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 308 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE problem of race is always before us. And it is complicated by two curious and opposed cults. One is the myth which assigns Nordic blood to Jesus and almost every other great man, and makes all who are not "Aryans" outcasts. The other is the subconscious, but very real, racial bias which makes many of the ablest anthropologists deny that race has any relation to conduct. In "Twilight of Man" Professor Hooton of Harvard tries to steer a middle course between these two extremes. It is clear, to be sure, that even so bold a man as he tones down his statements for fear of his fellow anthropologists. It is equally clear that those same anthropologists will nevertheless brand him as a herectic.

E. A. Hooton

"Twilight of Man" consists of a series of more or less disconnected lectures and essays. The blurb on the cover is right in saying that it contains "sparkling, trenchant, and provocative observations on man," as in the last chapter, a "sermon" on the text "the wages of (biological) sin is (evolutionary) death." Although the kind of piquant writing in this chapter is good reading and gives a valuable jolt to our self esteem, it is not the most valuable part of the book. Professor Hooton himself may perhaps think that the most valuable part is his new classification of races, as set forth in three chapters on "The Making and Mixing of Human Races." A review is not the place to discuss this classification. Sufficient to say that it is interesting, valuable, and by no means final, for almost every anthropologist will rightly or wrongly dispute it.

More important than this, in the opinion of the reviewer, is a popular résumé of what is actually disclosed by measurements of different kinds of Americans. Hooton reminds us that by 1930 the Harvard sons of Harvard graduates were 3½ centimeters taller than their fathers at the same age. Just why he says 3½ *centimeters* instead of 1.4 inches, and then gives the increase in weight as 10 *pounds* is a mystery. It is clear, however, that he does not approve of "bigger and better." In fact "one may as well argue that big mistakes are preferable to small mistakes. My own opinion is that the trend of these variations is, on the whole, unfavorable. I think that these big-footed, long-shanked individuals with short torsos, flat chests, narrow pelves, pinched noses, and lantern jaws are probably constitutionally inferior to their broader, shorter, and more compact parents." This is comforting to those who are short, but Professor Hooton does not claim to be doing anything more than express his private opinion. The short people are set in their place on an earlier page where a survey of thousands of criminals is said to show that on an average, where considerable groups of otherwise similar people in the same part of the country are compared, "the criminals are always much shorter and lighter, and generally inferior in body size to the civilians. They are also more ignorant and far lower down in the occupational scale."

This brings us to what seems to the reviewer the most important idea in "Twilight of Man." "The anthropologist who denies the existence of race, or who tries to prove that variation in human behavior is attributable exclusively to environmental or historical causes, may have reason and justice and a vast weight of circumstantial evidence on his side, but to the bulk of mankind he merely eliminates himself from the position of a competent and impartial judge. . . . I think that there is ample evidence for the supposition that with racial physical type are associated certain temperaments and sociological tendencies, but there is no such thing as racial pre-destination to success or failure, genius or mediocrity, at least in a truly democratic country."

A realization of the truth expressed in these words seems to the reviewer essential if the future evolution of society is to be rightly directed. Professor Hooton may be wrong in a good many places, as he would be the first to recognize, but he is profoundly right in his claim that it is absurd to say that although races or other groups vary markedly in complexion, features, and other external characteristics, they do not vary in mental characteristics. He is also profoundly right in saying that within every race, or every large national or regional group, there is enormous variation among individuals, every grade in fact

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from the idiot up to the genius. No race is without either idiots or geniuses. The idiots are closely similar in all races, but the geniuses may have very diverse capacities, even though all stand at the top in their particular lines. And finally, it is true, as Hooton says, that because races are such huge and vague groups, and are so greatly mixed, and live in such diverse environments, both physically and culturally, no one has yet demonstrated that one race in the broad sense of the term is genetically superior to another. It is equally true that no one has yet proved that all races, or all great regional groups, are born with the same mental capacities. Professor Hooton's style varies, according to the audience to which his lectures were addressed, but whether it is facetious or serious, a book which sets forth such deep truths so entertainingly is well worth reading.

Ellsworth Huntington is the author of "The Character of Races."

Double Rescue

THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN LEGGATT. By W. Townend. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1939. 433 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

MR. TOWNEND'S title embodies an apt ambiguity, and in his novel two stories have been interwoven. Captain Leggatt's rescue is twofold: he is the hero of a remarkable marine exploit, and he is himself the reluctant beneficiary of another rescue, in that realm of the spirit where waters are no less dark and dangerous than in the North Atlantic. So, also, Captain Leggatt's story is twofold: there is his domestic story, stemming from his first wife's death, which concerns a middle-aged husband and father, in love with a memory, puzzled by a younger wife and baffled by grown daughters; and there is the other tale, stemming from the same beginning, which concerns an Englishman, consumed by hatred of all Germans, who is led by circumstance to concentrate the full force of his hatred upon one German in particular. It is this German whom Captain Leggatt saves, and it is by this German that Captain Leggatt is himself saved, and, incidentally, his domestic craft kept from foundering.

The author has plotted his novel neatly, too neatly. He has used coincidence with Procrustean ruthlessness and stretched the already notoriously long arm to an unwonted length. For artistic purposes, a somewhat shorter

W. Townend

reach might have proved more serviceable. But his mistake would have been less obvious if he had succeeded better in the task of clothing his plot's skeleton with living flesh, if he had exhibited greater skill in the management of character and narrative. As it is, the novel does not really come alive until almost four-fifths of its course is run. Until then Captain Leggatt has been a wooden figure with little claim upon our sympathy, and his family troubles have been unaffecting. Jean, the unfortunate second wife, has been an amiable shadow, Nora no more than a wraith, and Jill only a symbol of revolt. And poor Captain Moeller has, until then, been only a caricature of German arrogance, insensitivity, and stupidity, clumsily answering to the requirements of his creator's plan.

But, once Captain Leggatt finds that he is committed to the task of saving his deadliest enemy, a breath of life stirs the waters and the dead stuff of the preceding narrative drops astern. We have known all along that we were heading for this situation; we could have been heading for nothing else. But, when it comes, it is real and moving and good. Mr. Townend, writing of rescue at sea, is a man we have not met before, an author displaying powers hitherto concealed. And, when he has settled Captain Moeller in Captain Leggatt's quarters, his powers do not flag. Previously we have been watching a conflict between two wired puppets; now we are watching a conflict, and a gradual growth of respect and understanding, between two strong and tortured men. Their final relationship is dramatic, well understood, and well conveyed; and the moral that emerges, however obvious, has the ring of true metal. But it has all come too late to save the novel as a whole, and the final fadeout is hasty, trivial, and artificial.

I hope that Mr. Townend, having scored a partial success, will follow it with one more nearly complete.

More Miller

THE COSMOLOGICAL EYE. By Henry Miller. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1939. 363 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

ANYONE who cares about America's literary future—which may well be the literary future of the world—is increasingly indebted to Mr. James Laughlin's New Directions. For more than two years he has fought the battle for books which general publishers could not or would not touch; and if in doing so he has championed much of doubtful value, he has also given us William Carlos Williams's "Collected Poems" and the poems of Delmore Schwartz. And now, in "The Cosmological Eye," he prints about as much as the postal laws will permit of the work of Henry Miller—an artist of the first rank, who, but for Mr. Laughlin's enterprise, might never have been more than a lurid myth to his compatriots.

This volume is an introduction to Miller, a collection of stories, essays, surréaliste rhapsodies, and chapters from longer works. As such it is fairly representative of the man. And it proves (and the proof was needed to offset the myth) that he is not only a satirist of Swiftian power, but also a very great master of language. Unfortunately, it cannot suggest his ability to sustain: admirers of "Tropic of Cancer" (his finest work, and certainly one of the great novels of our time) will miss the sweeping élan of the complete book, that hot gathering force that justifies the extravagances, rectifies the obscenities, and reduces the undeniable eccentricites to their proper proportion. Miller is not always successful with a small form. The surréaliste "Scenario," for instance, is complete in itself; yet it is restless, explosive, mannered, somehow unfinished. It suggests a context, but it is doubtful if Anaïs Nin's "The House of Incest," by which it was inspired, would provide an adequate one. Yet the short story "Max," which is incomparably the finest piece in the book, has just that disciplined wholeness that "Scenario" lacks. It is the success *in parvo* of "Tropic of Cancer."

Henry Miller is a surréaliste: "I am not a realist or a naturalist; I am for life, which in literature, it seems to me, can only be attained by the use of dream and symbol." His novels do attain life. "Max" attains life, profoundly. The filth and the beauty of life, its tenderness and its bitter emptiness, find in Henry Miller's pages a memorable expression.

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A CHRISTMAS STOCKING

or, Poor Man's Gout

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

ONLY after you've done it do you know what you were trying to do.

* * *

The failures of the mandarins uplift the coolie. Even great writers have written tripe. To read and relish it as tripe strengthens the journeyman.

* * *

Collaborate—but with the reader; not with any other writer. See what happened to Conrad when diluted with Ford Madox Ford.

* * *

Poets must never be famous Today. Only famous Tomorrow.

* * *

Of course he was unhappy. He never had a job that forced him unawares to do better than he knew.

* * *

The critics said it was something I couldn't afford to miss; but I can afford more than they think.

* * *

Perhaps the publishing business is not as potent as it likes to imagine? The world's most beautiful books for children were always made in Germany; but it doesn't seem to have improved their manners when grown up?

* * *

The history of the Nazis was published in 1894 in one of the world's greatest political fables, Kipling's *Jungle Book*. It is the chapter called Kaa's Hunting.

* * *

Those who live in glass houses should take a hot bath. That blinds the windows with steam.

* * *

A public speaker should decline all invitations to speak where a meal is served. They pay you less; and you won't have any appetite anyway.

* * *

A woman in the subway was in perfect bliss. She was chewing gum and reading a novel. So mouth and eyes, those restless organs, were both unconscious and at ease. And maybe the mind also.

* * *

You must not leap to conclusions about people by what you see them reading. They may be reading it—as I do some newspapers—to disagree.

* * *

Poetry is an attempt to make conscious and articulate something that is almost susceptible of it—but not quite.

Poetry is the perfect desire to say something that cannot be perfectly said.

* * *

Or the perfect expression of something you didn't know you wanted to say. Or the intention of saying something that can only be said by accident.

* * *

Every poem is a shuttle train between Grand Central and Times Square.

* * *

And most of the day it isn't crowded.

* * *

Nothing ages people like not thinking.

* * *

One way to find out what you think is contradicting someone else.

* * *

Precariously sits the soul
Among such queer machineries;
It only has remote control
Like college deans in deaneries.
So lobbied and so pressure-grouped
By dreams, or indigestion,
No wonder Intellect gets pooped
And simply begs the question.

* * *

The important things in writing are the things you don't insist on but are confirmed—both for you and the reader—by afterthought.

* * *

The only critic worth considering serves as the author's afterthought.

* * *

Up above Lake Champlain, with deepening parallels of blue in either distance, is a wide sun-struck field where I hunted words. They sprang up before me musical and quick as did the flights of grasshoppers. In that field there is a sudden chiming, terrifying until accustomed, because the mind degraded by anxiety thinks it a telephone call. It takes time and open space to realize that there no one will summon you except yourself.

There are two kinds of remembering. For self, remembering can be done in code. But if I am trying to remember in others' behalf I must be laboriously simple. The artistic purport of unselfish remembering is to generalize the personal ecstasy so that the reader may identify it with some past emotion of his own.

Perhaps the ulterior task of language is to intensify the solitude of the reader to such delicacy that he first becomes aware of himself. Aware to such a degree that it no longer hurts. In the full participation of art the reader ceases to mark time and is corpuscular with time itself.

I was marking time by noting spectator details. I said to myself, these are the colors of this field: yellow golden-rod, white ever-lasting, pale tindered grass, all tones of brown and buff, humble butter-and-eggs; and then suddenly under a glowing sky a mountain shouldering forward and taking its place particular and clear. If I had worried about the world I suddenly knew it was still there.

It was a day for flying kites. I had no kite to fly, I flew my mind instead.

* * *

A good deal of my thinking about literature has been done in the Oyster Bay train. There have been mornings, among shocks, crowding, discomfort, and the outrageous quassations of the wattman, when I was wild with joy and hurry; wondered how I could wait to get to a desk somewhere and begin to unload my heart. As the cars hasten down the slope toward the tunnel, Manhattan rises beyond like a steel reredos. I think then of DeQuincey (I won't stop just now to explain why). Or evenings, in different (more wary) mood I study the advertising cards or people's faces and the papers they're reading; try to reckon their desires and anodynes. At East Williston an old white country store says FARM WAGONS; that pleases me, also the flickering oil lamps at Albertson. It is a plain and battered old steam train, the Oyster Bay. I think with some mockery of the so wellbred and fashionable libertads who utter democratic American pronunciamentoes in verse; their seemly tweeds and their cocktail sets in crystal; their sophistic interiors; their busy circulation among influential people. They might perforate themselves with a grain of humor.—They are the Baby Pandas of poetry.

* * *

It seems selfish to get such highly specialized pleasure out of literature, and not tell you about it. You will not often find a reader with such magnificent egotism. It is readers like me the great writers were writing for. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Keats (I say to myself) had to wait for me to get just the idiot mixture of truth and trickery they were aiming at. Or take

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De Quincey, since we mentioned him; or Walt Whitman. Don't you think I can see where they were stalling; where they were merely verbose? They discontent me then as much as they discontented themselves. But I see how and why it was part of their doings. And then suddenly, when they are better than themselves I also am better than myself. We draw upward together. Some day, I say to myself —who else is worth saying it to?— even I may have a reader to whom I won't need to explain.

There are so few good readers because they have all been drilled and tutored and taught. No wonder they fly to the brazen impromptu of the tabloids. Learned magistrates have tried to make a profession what should be rankly amateur. Literature is a stunt, they have tried to make it a stint.

If you are not naive enough to feel that Chaucer or Shakespeare never really came to fruit until you yourself read them; that you see and feel more like them than any other that ever lived; then you are not my kind of reader. It is the reader's job to narrow the unclosable gap between what the writer got said and what you divine he was trying to say.

* * *

Think of the grand letters you were planning to write to people you loved; but never got written. That is the history of literature.

A tragic thing, sometimes, about a letter is the interval between writing it and the moment you know the recipient gets it. During that interval the writer lives in suspended animation. Perhaps that helps to keep him young.

By the time the recipient has the document—in the case of a book it may be months, years, generations—very likely the writer is thinking of something quite different. That also helps to keep him young.

* * *

To the lady of a rummage antique shop in the country I suggested as a slogan *If You Don't Know What You Want, We Have It.* That is a good motto for the arts. The artist's most unprofitable customer is the person who thinks he knows beforehand.

* * *

A young woman was considering a marriage that seemed to her less than ideal. "I'll marry the man," she said, "I want a home and a child. But I think I'll divorce him after the baby is born. I'll tell him, 'Your subscription expires with this issue.'"

* * *

No artist worth the name subscribes permanently to any kind of technical doctrine.

* * *

The artist (like the woman) must arouse in his patron a desire strong enough so that he can pretend to yield gracefully to it. But he is the one who invents and creates and caters the desire.

* * *

The publisher worth buying a drink for has known in his own person the success and failure of authorship. If you insist on an example, let's take one safely distant: Dodsley.

* * *

When authors are buying liquor no publisher should be teetotal. Probably none ever was.

* * *

Sitting on a porch in sunny autumn, I dangled my legs. Suddenly I realized (*suddenly* is one of my favorite adverbs; stupid people have to think suddenly or not at all) that was what I had needed so long. Just leg-dangling; the pastime of youth and of otiose rustics. How little leg-dangling in modern towns; feet always on the ground, going somewhere, doing something. The noble importance of leg-dangling came over me, as doctrine, as delight. I leaped up to make a note of same, before the great idea should escape; and that, I wryly observed, was the end of my leg-dangle. It was my intellectual history in a paragraph.

St. Elmo

(*Continued from page* 4)

—pardon me, great work; this book does corrupt one's style—were written in this house, there is some ground. The Evanses were living in Mobile when it was being written, but Augusta often visited her aunt, and may have worked on it there. In Mobile only one of her three homes is still in existence. It has a tablet, and is a shrine for the few surviving knights of St. Elmo to visit, but there is glory to spare for the Georgia house.

"Inez, a Tale of the Alamo"

Augusta Jane's father was Matt Evans, her mother was a "Howard," if you know what that means, and Augusta was the eldest of eight children. Things did not go well with Matt—they seldom did—and he moved as much of his family as existed in 1845 to San Antonio. The tragic history of the Alamo, fresh in the minds of the citizens, deeply impressed the young girl. She had had no formal education other than her mother's teaching, but fired by desire to surprise her father, and inspired by a miscellaneous but carefully expurgated reading, she wrote at fifteen her first book, "Inez, a Tale of the Alamo."

She worked in her own room late at night when she should have been in bed. The old mammy, rising at dawn to bake the hot bread without which no Southern breakfast is complete, saw her light still burning, and reported it to Mrs. Evans. Her mother kept the secret, and her father was greatly surprised, and so proud and pleased he later persuaded Harper's to publish it, in 1855, when Augusta was twenty. As might be expected, it brought the young author neither fame nor money.

Matt Evans found Texas no better for his purposes than Georgia, though what his lines of endeavor were the record does not state. He moved to Mobile, where, nothing daunted by the failure of "Inez" and actuated by zeal to help her father in his financial difficulties, Augusta Jane wrote another book, "Beulah," on the religious problems of the day. She herself took the manuscript to New York to find a publisher, but did not go alone, of course. That was unthinkable for a Southern young lady. She was chaperoned by her cousin, young, stalwart, and chivalrous (he was a Howard, too) who during the entire interview with J. C. Derby, kept his hand on a large book, determined to hurl it at the publisher's head if he had the temerity to refuse Cousin Augusta's work.

His championship was unnecessary. Derby was charmed by Augusta Jane's frankness in confessing the ill success of her first book—though how he, a publisher, could be ignorant of that is strange—and also the further admission that the present work had already been refused by Appleton's. Derby's wife and daughter read it; its religious fervor impressed them favorably, and it was published by Derby & Jackson in 1859. Its success was immediate. Appleton's, who were booksellers as well as publishers, placed an initial order of a thousand copies. During the struggle that Southerners insist on calling "the war between the States," a Confederate camp near Mobile was christened "Camp Beulah," and in the adjoining hospital Augusta Jane nursed wounded soldiers, and sang to them.

Confederate Soldiers' Bible

While the war continued to rage, she wrote her third book, "Macaria, or, Altars of Sacrifice;" its history is picturesque. Though written in wartime, it is not a war book; the Civil War comes in incidentally—Augusta Jane was curiously aloof from contemporary life—but its dedication to the soldiers of the Confederacy was so fierce and fervid it was required reading throughout the Confederate army. Nor did the characteristic legend fail of the soldier whose life was saved when the book in his breast

(*Continued on page* 16)

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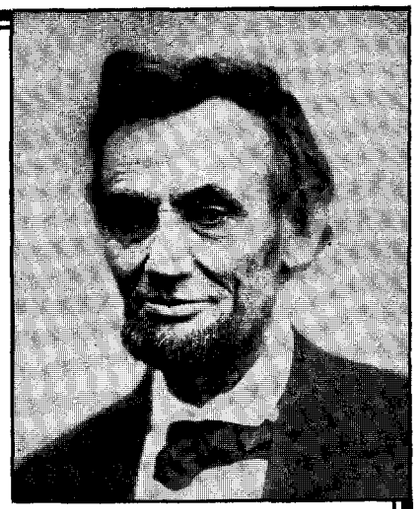

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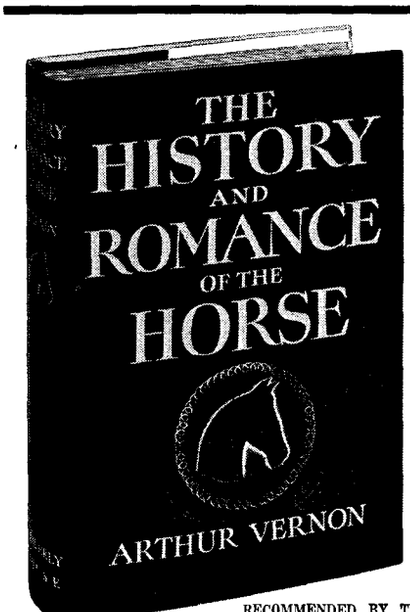

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WAVERLY HOUSE • BOSTON

St. Elmo

(*Continued from page 14*)

pocket stopped a Yankee bullet. He must have had a large pocket, but at least the book was tough enough to stop any missile, for it was printed on wall paper instead of the conventional book stock.

It was published by West & Johnson, a firm of booksellers in Richmond. It was printed at Columbus, Georgia, in the shop of Walker, Evans & Cogswell—the name suggests a possible connection with Augusta's family. Because of the blockade, no print paper was obtainable, and, as said, wallpaper stock was used, as yet unadorned, of course, with the floral patterns that were its original destiny. This curious item of Americana is now very scarce, but at least two copies still exist: one belonging to the family now occupying one of Augusta Jane's former homes in Mobile; the other, appropriately, in the Howard Memorial Library at New Orleans.

If "Macaria" was used to pep up the Confederate soldiers, it had just the opposite effect on the other side. General George Henry Thomas, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, declared it contraband, forbade his men to read it, and confiscated all copies found, lest it destroy what we have since learned to term their morale. A copy was smuggled through the lines, however, and coming to the hands of one Michael Doolady in New York, he promptly got out a pirated edition, copyright by the Confederate States of America having no validity.

Meanwhile, the author had sent a copy to her publishers by way of Cuba to avoid the blockade. Derby, his firm having gone out of business, was making arrangements with Joshua B. Lippincott to publish it, when they learned of Doolady's venture. Derby asked Doolady what royalty he intended to pay the author.

"None," said Doolady, "so arch a rebel is entitled to no royalty and will get none."

Lippincott was called in and proposed withdrawing his edition if Doolady would pay the regular royalty to Derby in trust for Augusta Jane, and Doolady agreed.

In the summer of 1865 Derby was sitting in his office in Spruce Street, New York, when a heavily veiled woman was ushered in. It was Augusta Jane. Her brother had been wounded in the war, her father ruined, and when Derby, noting her seedy appearance, suggested some new clothes, she replied that, alas, she had no money.

"But you have," cried Derby, and she was told of the large sum earned by "Macaria," a pot of rainbow gold, she called it. She had brought with her the manuscript of another book, that was to become her best known work, bring her the greatest financial return, and influence nomenclature in this country for a decade. That book was "St. Elmo."

It was brought out by G. W. Carleton (whose imprint and cipher monogram on the title pages of popular novels were to become well known in the seventies), copyrighted 1866 but not published until 1867, "affectionately dedicated to J. C. Derby." Its green cloth cover, with the gold shield lettered "St. Elmo," was a familiar sight in homes all over the country. Its success was immediate. My parents in a small Illinois town had a copy before 1868, and that was rapid distribution in those days.

An "Elsie Book" for Adults

It is difficult now to understand the vogue of that strange book, with its "Jane Eyre" plot, its stilted mannerisms, its pages peppered with words and allusions not one in a thousand readers could comprehend. It lacked the lure of realistic descriptions of St. Elmo's wickedness, for the author had neither the experience nor the imagination, nor would there have been a publisher or a public, for such characterization. St. Elmo was a profane, blasphemous man, but his strongest expletive was apparently "What the d—l," always discreetly fig-leaved with a 3-em dash. His sins, as he confessed them to Edna in the great scene, were that he had shot in a duel his best friend for luring his sweetheart away, and thereafter revenged himself on womankind by making love to them and jilting them, sometimes at the church door. But aside from faithlessness, there was nothing to show that his relations with women were other than circumspect. To the author of "St. Elmo," and to most of her readers, his dominant sin was skepticism of the Christian religion. In this respect "St. Elmo" was in the spirit of a contemporary series of preposterous juveniles found in all Sunday-school libraries, in which the little girl heroine, Elsie Dinsmore, equally priggish and self-righteous, stood off her father and everyone else according to the dictates of an exacting conscience. "St. Elmo" was an Elsie book for adults.

A new vocable was thus given wide currency, and was seized upon as a name for every entity from boys to villages. Towns in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, California, Colorado, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Texas, and Virginia were named St. Elmo in memory of a now forgotten best seller. Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia

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were obvious, being localities associated with the book or its author. The others are merely examples of the impact of an odd name on everybody's mind. None of the towns became large, and two of them have been absorbed by the nearest large cities, Chattanooga and Mobile. The boys so named grew up; most of them are dead now. I once attended an advertising meeting at which four of the members were named Elmo or St. Elmo. In some cases the name survives into the second generation.

She lived until 1908, dying the day after her seventy-fourth birthday. She wrote five more books, "Vashti," "Infelice," "At the Mercy of Tiberius" (a detective story), "A Speckled Bird," and "Devota," but none made much of a splash. She was for her day an advanced woman—Southern ladies did not write books—but she was bitterly opposed to "woman's rights." In "St. Elmo" occurs this stinging paragraph:

> At least, sir, our statesmen are not yet attacked by this most loathsome of political leprosies. . . . I think, sir, that the noble and true women of this continent earnestly believe that the day which invests them with the electoral franchise would be the blackest in the annals of humanity, would ring the death knell of modern civilization, national prosperity, social morality and domestic happiness, and would consign the race to a night of degradation and horror infinitely more appalling than a return to primitive barbarism.

In 1868 Augusta Jane married Colonel Lorenzo M. Wilson, a wealthy man, president of the Mobile & Montgomery Railroad, one year her father's senior. For that reason Matt Evans had opposed the match, and it was not until after his death that Augusta married. At Ashland, a palatial southern galleried mansion on Spring Hill Avenue, Mobile, then a suburb, now a residential development in that city, she lived with her husband until his death; devout, systematic, following a set daily routine, active in the Methodist church and its choir. On his death in 1891 she moved to the house that is now the sole landmark of St. Elmo in Mobile.

No Saint Named Elmo

"St. Elmo" may still be seen at times as a melodrama in the repertoires of ten-twenty-thirty cent stock companies, along with "East Lynne" and "The Lady of Lyons," playing small towns and show boats. The author was reluctant to permit it to be dramatized, and vetoed vigorously a proposal to introduce Negroes, pickaninnies, a colored quartet, to lighten the gloom of the story. In her books she had side-stepped slavery as resolutely as if it had not existed all around her, as she had ignored the Civil War, and no slaves appear as characters in her books. A dramatization was finally approved, having its premiere at Cleveland with E. D. Stair in the title role, to be given later at Mobile, but Augusta died without seeing it.

Where did she get the name? Who was St. Elmo? Apparently there never was such a saint, though the name has existed in folklore for some three hundred years. Popularly, St. Elmo is the patron saint of sailors, particularly in the Mediterranean. The strange blue lights that appear on rigging and yardarms during electrical storms have been known for ages as St. Elmo's fires. In Naples there is a Castel Sant' Elmo.

There were at least three originals. First, St. Erasmus, affectionately shortened to Ermo, and corrupted to Elmo by the Italian tongue. Then, St. Anselm of Lucca—Anselm, Anselmo, Elmo. The connection with Peter Gonzales is more remote, and his history more exciting. He was the holy man who preached against the licentiousness at the court of Ferdinand III of Spain with such vigor that the young nobles decided to stop his tongue by hiring a courtesan to seduce him. Peter proved himself a second St. Anthony, resisted her wiles, and in his agony threw himself into the fire. The now contrite nobles rescued him, repented their sins, of course, and Peter devoted his life to preaching to sailors in Italian seaports. He became Elmo something like this. Spanish and French sailors call the blue lights St. Telme's or St. Helme's fires. Spoken rapidly it becomes St. Elme, then St. Elmo, and this new appellation was in turn applied to Peter. All of which means that the origin is lost in the mists of ecclesiastical history. To thousands in the seventies it was simply the name of a novel about a wicked scoffer at religion, saved by his love for a pious woman.

Earnest Elmo Calkins, a well-known advertising man, is the author of "Louder, Please!" and "On the Care and Feeding of Hobby-Horses."

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454 pages, $3.50. Doubleday, Doran

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The New Books

Art

AUGUSTE RODIN, A BIOGRAPHY. By Victor Frisch and Joseph T. Shipley. Stokes. 1939. 453 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

RODIN. Phaidon Edition. Oxford. 1939. 150 *pp.* $3.

One opens a new book on Rodin with misgivings. No artist of our time has been more fully and more variously criticized and chronicled, and the tone of this literature runs from that of crass eulogy to the gratuitously scandalous. The present biography offers an acceptable *via media*. The basis is the notes and recollections of Victor Frisch, a talented Viennese sculptor who for twenty years, from 1904 on, was a studio assistant of Rodin and kept in touch with him thereafter. Mr. Frisch, with full loyalty and admiration for his master, retained a certain detachment. He came to be a sort of father confessor for Rodin, who with amazing frankness poured out to him many old chagrins and frustrations of his early life which are not otherwise on record. In short Mr. Frisch was a walking treasure house of Rodiniana awaiting literary expression. Happily he found a sympathetic and able spokesman in Professor Joseph T. Shipley, who organized the vast material, much of which had to be translated, wove into the gaps what was necessary from the standard biographies, and brought the whole into literary form.

This somewhat heroic and certainly hazardous adventure in editorship has resulted in an uncommonly good and coherent book. One is mostly in the studio with work going on. The worker is a strange apparition, varying from moral titan to neurotic sensitive; now a sage, now a satyr. Yet this baffling Proteus never fails to be an indefatigable craftsman whose reasonable pride in his own work is tempered by a real humility in the face of nature. Readily and often shamefully exploited by others, his vanity is singularly extrovert. He never exploits others or himself. The man Rodin seems to be presented here in juster perspective than in any previous biography. For the special student is offered far the most complete list of Rodin's works ever published, well over 250 items, excluding replicas.

The illustration is inadequate. Too much dependence is placed on Mr. Frisch's pen sketches, which, while spirited, have small documentary value.

To the useful Phaidon editions is added a "Rodin" containing 115 plates, including many details, with an elaborate introduction by Sommerville Story. These big plates reveal unsparingly the ruthlessness of Rodin's modeling, showing that almost everything was calculated for open-air effect and the distant view. This exposure of the minute technique is more edifying to the student than really pleasure-giving to the art lover. To students, however, this well-chosen selection of high-class photomechanical reproductions, at the price of a mere handful of equivalent photographs, is obviously a boon.

F. J. M., Jr.

Biography

BERNARD'S BRETHREN. By C. M. Shaw. Holt. 1939. 161 *pp.* $3.

The relatives of distinguished men are rarely of any interest to the general public, and those of Bernard Shaw are no exception to the rule. Mr. Charles M. Shaw is a retired Australian bank manager who decided to set his famous cousin right on various remote and obscure points of family history, and Bernard Shaw has annotated the book, chiefly denying a number of his cousin's statements. These Shavian comments are the only part of the book of the slightest interest, and that is very slight. It really does not matter much whether a baronet cousin did or did not die a bachelor, and the debate as to how much of a drunkard and what kind of a drunkard Shaw's father was cannot be settled by C. M. Shaw alleging one thing and Bernard Shaw the opposite. One gathers that the Australian cousin knew very little at first hand of Shaw's father, so presumably the son's recollections are more reliable. In any case, it is difficult to believe that the question matters at this date, however it may have affected G. B. S. as a boy. His own account does not read like that of a man who was deeply hurt or humiliated by his father's libations. The indefatigable Archibald Henderson and the erratic Frank Harris, not to mention Shaw himself, have piled up so many data relating to the only important member of the widely scattered, amazingly long-lived tribe, that this seems a work of supererogation. Bernard Shaw's side of the case is familiar to those who are interested and his Australian cousin's version suggests that banking and golf are more in his line than writing.

E. B.

Fiction

LOOK AWAY. By George N. Shuster. Macmillan. 1939. 403 *pp.* $2.50.

The major scenes of Civil War conflicts have been thoroughly explored by the novelists. Now, the states that were never within sound of the guns are beginning to turn in their reports about echoes and reverberations of the conflict. In Wisconsin, the scene of "Look Away," there were those who loved the Democratic party and admired Stephen Douglas even though they wished to see slavery die as an American institution. The story of intramural warfare between husband and wife over abstract political issues is dramatized once more in the case of Robert Cecil and his wife, Edith. The cause of the Confederacy sounds the irresistible appeal of loyalty, even to this young lawyer who has migrated to Wisconsin partly because he is out of sympathy with the Southern economy. He leaves his young wife to rear her family and run her farm alone until he has discharged his Quixotic duty toward Dixie. The war comes no nearer to Wisconsin than Robert Cecil can bring it in person when he comes back on a vague mission as a spy, is caught, and helped to escape by his audacious wife.

Feeling, no doubt, that this is not quite enough material for a novel, the author undertakes to make Rob-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE THEME IS MURDER *Gavin Holt* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Death-fearful member of music-mad British family implores sleuth Saber to save him. Another guy dies.	Rough-hewn asst. of detective and lovely fake Russian exile supply light tone to well-plotted but soggily British opus.	Fair enough

WANTED: ANOTHER STEINBECK

Is there among the readers of the SRL an author who is willing and able to do for the *criminal* what Steinbeck has done for the migratory farm worker? I am a criminal psychologist, an authority in my own right, and have accumulated an immense amount of intensely human material on criminals that awaits a gifted hand to convert it into a large novel, a trilogy, or even a saga. Correspondence invited from definitely established writers only. No beginner, however gifted need reply. Correspondence confidential.

Box 577-D, Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Ave., New York

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ert a more vivid, histrionic figure by involving him in a purely personal dilemma which also threatens to separate him from his wife. Unfortunately this part of the story is a flimsy sub-plot, incapable of the job of buttressing which it is expected to do.

Much the best of the book is to be found in its least ambitious pages. Several of the minor characters are done with great charm. The range in interest is wide. Mr. Shuster writes with that air of tender and indulgent irony toward the past which likes to pin verbal antimacassars on all the furniture of the mind. One feels that he wishes to write a period piece rather than a modern interpretation of a familiar story.

J. G.

Miscellaneous

ARTS AND THE MAN. By Irwin Edman. Norton. 1939. 154 *pp.* $1.75.

This "short introduction to esthetics" is a revision of Professor Edman's "The World, the Arts, and the Artist," originally published in 1928. It is a most serviceable primer. In spite of a certain archness of manner —the coyly punning title is a fair example—it leads the reader pleasantly and competently through his five-finger-exercises: The Arts without Tears. The method is appreciative rather than critical, and the theory of esthetics is as conventionally comfortable as an ancient dressing-gown. And as uncontroversial. One feels, at times, that the author's *exempla* are almost too hackneyed, even for a primer: thus, we have the foreigner who thought "cellar door" the loveliest phrase in English; the idea that architecture is frozen music; the pianist who, asked for the meaning of a sonata he had just performed, for reply sat down and played it over again; and so on. One thinks of the boy Berlioz struck dumb by the magic of Vergil's

Quaesivit caelo lucem ingemuitque reperta,

and wonders if perhaps the excitement of such an experience might not have served better, as an illustration of poetry's working, than the worn examples given us here. But the cellar door is a way in, after all; and the achieved purpose of the book was to examine the foundations.

D. F.

WARNING FROM GERMAN HEADQUARTERS

All Americans are hereby notified that Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, has proclaimed "the greatest blow the Nazi cause has met in the outside world" to be THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM by Hermann Rauschning. $3—All bookstores. (Alliance)

Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
LULU *Charlotte Steiner* (Doubleday, Doran: $1.)	Up to 5 Both	Lulu and her dog go fishing. No words . . . just pictures.	For non-readers
COUSIN TOBY *Clare Turlay Newberry* (Harpers: $1.50)	4-6 Both	Jill, six, and Gordon, four, play with their baby cousin Toby. They are rewarded with a longed-for baby brother.	Pretty pictures
MRS. PEREGRINE AT THE FAIR *Esther Burns* (Messner: $1.)	6 Both	Funny Mrs. Peregrine goes to the N. Y. World's Fair. She sees all the sights and even takes the Parachute jump. Illustrated by Eloise Wilken.	Funny pictures
RAGGEDY ANN IN THE MAGIC BOOK *Johnny Gruelle* (Johnny Gruelle Co.)	6-8 Both	Raggedy Ann meets a group of fairy tale people, including Snow White, Hansel and Gretel, and the rest.	Children love this series
PEANUT BUTTER'S SLIDE. *Grace Paull* (Viking: $1.)	About 8 Both	Sport and Skinny McAllister and their goat Peanut Butter have an animated life on a farm. Good pictures.	Nice, natural humor
PATTY MAKES A VISIT: *Eliza O. White* (Houghton Mifflin: $1.75)	7-10 Girls	Patty goes to visit her aunts and Grandmother where she has a pleasant family life.	Readable
MAXIMS TO MUSIC *Sigmund Spaeth* (McBride: $2.)	8 or so Both	Proverbs set to music. You sing "Handsome is as handsome does" to Haydn's Surprise Symphony. Tony Sarg pictures.	Idea better than result
AUGUSTUS AND THE RIVER *Le Grand* (Bobbs-Merrill: $1.50)	8-10 Especially boys	Augustus and his family head south down the Mississippi River in a house boat. They encounter floods, high water, and other excitement on the way.	Exciting picture of river life
SARAH FAITH ANDERSON, HER BOOK *Elvira Garner* (Messner: $2.)	8-10 Girls	Gay water-color sketches run through the text of this charming, "little-girl" story written in diary form—a journal kept in 1838 by a child living near St. Augustine, with a great-granddaughter's record in 1939.	Slender but attractive
CINDERS *Katharine Gibson* (Longmans: $1.50)	8-10 Both	Cinderella's mouse-coachman and his subsequent adventures. Though he is small and mouse-like, Cinders has spirit.	Amusing twist
KATE FARLEY PIONEER *Esther Waite* (Viking: $1.75)	8-10 Girls	Kate Farley and her family go in a covered wagon from Iowa to California, a hundred years ago.	Authentic, well written
FLIGHT OF THE SILVER BIRD *R. and L. Carroll* (Messner: $2.)	8-11 Both	Peter and Jane cross the Pacific in a Clipper plane. For the air-minded child.	Very modern travel book
LITTLE GREY GOWN *Mabel Leigh Hunt* (Stokes: $1.75)	8-12 Girls	A little Quaker girl, Libby Ann, gets a much longed for new dress, but she decides to be generous and gives it away.	Pleasant story
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS *Paul Bunyan Retold by Mary Godolphin* (Stokes: $2.)	8-12 Both	This version shortened to about one fifth of its original length was first published in 1884. Robert Lawson's dramatic and beautiful pictorial interpretation will delight a new generation of young readers.	Handsome
THE HAPPY FLUTE *Sant Ram Mandal* (Stokes: $1.50)	8-12 Both	The legend of a Hindu St. Francis told in beautiful pictures and prose. Edited and illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop.	Outstanding
FANFAN IN CHINA *Joe Lederer* (Holiday House: $2.)	8-12 Both	The story of a Swiss boy who lives in the International Settlement in Shanghai, and of how he aids in a rescue.	Good to read aloud
FALCON FLY BACK *Elinore Blaisdell* (Messner: $2.50)	10-12 Both	France in the medieval days. Anne de Hauteville tames and trains a falcon. This won the Julia Ellsworth Ford prize.	Interesting
CAPE HORN SNORTER *Charles J. Finger* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	12-16 Boys	Fifteen-year-old Jim McRea was washed off a whaler, and after living with the Indians at Tierra del Fuego, was picked up by the frigate *Essex* and found he was in the war of 1812.	Good history and adventure

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS'S only 1940 resolution so far is to get round to writing his long projected poem *Allergy in a Country Churchyard.* ☞The best parable lately was the radio broadcaster's description of the Army-Navy football played in a fog (in Philadelphia). When the ball was punted he saw it leave the kicker's foot; then it disappeared in the mist; and wasn't seen again until someone at the other end of the field caught it and started running with it. ☞A perfect paradigm of truth, or propaganda, in War time. ☞Our next resolution will be to get the right person started on the much needed book *The Rectory in English Literature.* ☞We learn that Frank Henry, formerly sales manager for Doubleday Doran and more recently in charge of Lippincott's New York office, has resigned. The good wishes of all the Trade will be with him in his future plans. ☞A graceful intramural episode on the publication day of Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years*—the publisher found on his desk a crown cut out of the gold paper wrapper of that book. This had been deftly scissored out by some of the staff and inscribed "Crowning the career of Alfred Harcourt."

☞We were pleased lately to see old Heywood Broun making a public recantation about Joseph Conrad. He admits now that Conrad was a pretty good writer. They all do when they grow up. ☞But we hope Mr. Broun isn't just going to stick to Conrad's museum pieces: *Youth* and *Heart of Darkness* and *Typhoon* and so on. Those, so exactly what simple-minded critics fall for, are too much jellied over with overt symbolism. ☞No, my boys, try some of the less known yarns: *The Shadow Line, The Secret Sharer,* or even that extraordinary jumble of spun glass called *Chance.* ☞Mr. Broun said sleeplessness drove him to Conrad. In an odd little book called *Wiltshire Essays* (1921) Maurice Hewlett described his final remedy for a *nuit blanche.* He says he saved it for the early morning, when all else had failed—

> "I have a pet position for legs and hands for that hour. I never use it, whatever the temptation, for any other. The legs must be bent at a right angle, the hands folded prayerwise between the knees. It hardly ever fails."

☞It amuses us to imagine wakeful readers of the *S. R. L.* adopting that mantis attitude in their innocent beds. ☞The prayerwise gesture makes us think of one of Gerard Manley Hopkins' most comical rhymes—

> This very very day came down to us after a boon he on
> My late being there begged of me
> . . . .
> Came, I say, this day to a First Communion.

☞If we were compiling an anthology of comments on literature—and why shouldn't we if we cared to?—we should certainly include some of the amusing and sensible Notes written by Robert Bridges for the Poems of Hopkins. ☞It would be a mistake however to put too much mature and grown-up matter into a book whose most likely circulation would be in a field relatively juvenile. ☞We have had much pleasure in dipping in *On Rereading Chaucer* (Harvard University Press) by Howard R. Patch, excellent Christmas gift for any medievalist. Mr. Patch lays sound emphasis on Chaucer's humor, with distinction among the comic, the satiric, and those qualities of mental health and sanity we call humorous. ☞Mr. Patch reminds us that 1940 will bring Chaucer's 500th birthday and thinks something ought to be done. We agree; and strove a couple of years ago to make a step in that direction, but it only resulted in a wide dispersion of Silence. ☞Occurs to us, when the so-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Trade Winds

(*Continued from page 20*)

long delayed Brooklyn Library building opens next spring, why wouldn't it be good doings to begin with a 500th birthday party for Chaucer? ☞We record with regret the death of two talented men in whose early writing and courageous struggles we were affectionately concerned: Llewelyn Powys and Ernest Sutherland Bates.

☞Princeton University Press hopes to begin during 1940 the publication of the large project *America's Lost Plays*, in 20 volumes, edited by Barrett H. Clark. This valuable venture, which will include many historic plays either inaccessible or existing only in MS, is on a non-profit basis, and cannot be put to press until 350 subscriptions are confirmed. Less than a hundred more are still needed, at $75 per set of 20 volumes. Payment may be made on instalment basis. A subscription would be a notable generosity to any school or college or club library in which you may be interested. The Princeton Press will send full information on request. ☞We hear from L. Clark Powell of the University of Calif. at L. A. that in horrid error we quoted his projected publication of *The Ghost in the Underblows* at $3, when we should have said $6. He very rightly begs us to restate; but he doesn't know that we only just prevented the note from getting printed as *Ghost in the Underblouse* and that must have rattled Old Presbyopic.

☞Farrar & Rinehart report that over 250 MSS were submitted for the Mary Roberts Rinehart prize mystery novel contest. The winner was Clarissa Fairchild Cushman, wife of Professor Robert Cushman of Cornell. ☞Howard Mott, 70 West 40, offers a first of *Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* for $20; which reminds we've been wondering how the Univ. of Pennsylvania Press is making out with the biography of Frank Stockton by Martin Griffin. We were amused not long ago to reread *The Great Stone of Sardis* in which Stockton, writing in 1897, gave ingenious forecasts of what civilization would be like in 1947. "It had become fashionable to be unprogressive."

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By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

						1-D	2-W		3-C	4-F	5-R		6-O	7-W	8-I	9-Z
10-X		11-D	12-C	13-R		14-Q	15-H	16-F	17-Z	18-O	19-L	20-U	21-A	22-J	23-R	
24-H	25-E	26-X	27-F		28-P	29-Q	30-X	31-T	32-Z	33-I	34-N	35-U	36-G	37-W		38-Y
39-T	40-C	41-L	42-P	43-K	44-U	45-N	46-B		47-X	48-J	49-Z		50-F	51-J	52-G	
53-L	54-U	55-S	56-Q	57-Y	58-X		59-J	60-B	61-N		62-F	63-M		64-Y	65-I	66-M
	67-V	68-Z	69-X	70-S		71-W	72-H	73-M	74-I		75-K	76-P	77-A	78-W	79-U	80-Q
81-T	82-H		83-N	84-Z		85-K	86-U	87-G	88-C	89-R		90-Y	91-W	92-N	93-B	
94-R	95-B		96-E	97-Y	98-W	99-V	100-T	101-S	102-A	103-P	104-C	105-N		106-M	107-H	108-X
	109-T	110-C	111-H	112-G	113-E	114-Q	115-O	116-Z	117-K		118-Y	119-I		120-R	121-J	
122-S	123-X	124-I	125-D		126-T	127-F	128-U	129-G	130-H	131-S	132-Q	133-J	134-M		135-B	136-X
	137-I	138-B		139-E	140-W	141-U	142-B	143-V	144-F		145-N	146-A	147-D		148-U	149-T
150-F	151-C	152-V	153-D	154-K	155-B	156-I	157-N	158-L	159-Z	160-P	161-R	162-G	163-A		164-D	165-L
	166-M	167-F		168-Y	169-I	170-J	171-V		172-O	173-E	174-M	175-V	176-L	177-T	178-F	179-I
180-U		181-R	182-L		183-L	184-C	185-D	186-A	187-M							

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words, therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Agitator against the Corn Laws.
B. Novel by Aphra Behn.
C. Greatly incensed.
D. Vivid (psychol.)
E. Uncut gem stone.
F. Noisy.
G. Void of substance.
H. Right feeling.
I. Growing feverish.
J. Runic alphabet.
K. Wide-mouthed pitchers.
L. Sweepings.
M. Grating, shrill.
N. Most unlike.
O. Latin conjunction (legal).
P. Farewell.
Q. Rumored.
R. Cessation of being.
S. Hesitated in speech.
T. Craving; relish.
U. Having natural ardor.
V. Interlaced.
W. Learned.
X. Adapted for boring.
Y. Indian tribe.
Z. Modern.

WORDS

77	102	21	163	146	186				
95	155	138	142	46	60	93	135		
3	110	184	104	12	40	151	88		
125	1	153	147	11	164	185			
139	96	113	173	25					
150	167	127	144	16	62	27	4	178	50
112	36	129	87	162	52				
111	130	15	72	24	107	82			
119	33	124	8	74	156	179	169	65	137
59	48	121	51	22	170	133			
117	85	154	43	75					
53	19	183	41	176	158	165	182		
187	63	73	166	66	134	174	106		
45	157	83	105	61	92	34	145		
6	172	18	115						
103	160	28	42	76					
29	14	132	56	80	114				
89	13	5	161	94	120	181	23		
70	55	122	101	131					
177	109	126	39	81	149	100	31		
148	180	20	35	79	54	44	86	141	128
99	152	67	175	143	171				
98	7	78	2	91	71	140	37		
69	108	10	123	47	136	26	58	30	
57	38	118	97	168	64	90			
159	9	17	49	84	32	68	116		

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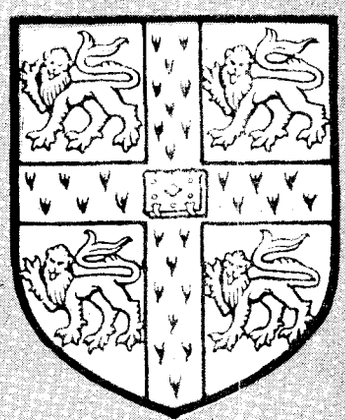

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